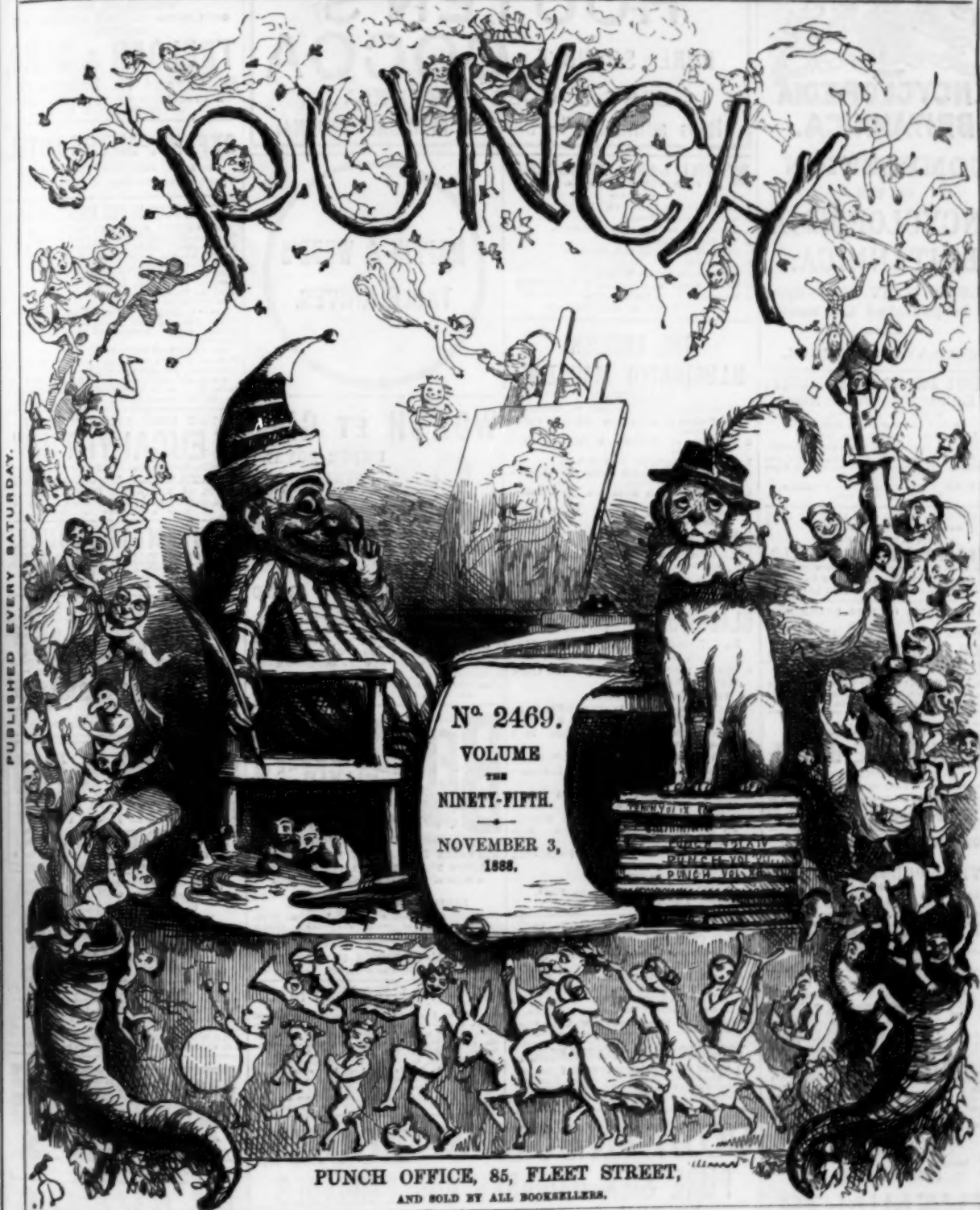


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Colonel Slyboots, M.P. "SO SORRY TO LEAVE YOU ALL ALONE AT MUDDORO, MY LOVE; BUT DUTY WILL COMPEL ME TO BE AT MY POST AT WESTMINSTER FOR THE AUTUMN SESSION, YOU KNOW. SO DULL IN TOWN WITHOUT YOU, TOO."

Mrs. S. "POOR DEAR! THEN I'LL ACCOMPANY YOU, MY ANGEL!"

Colonel S. "OH, ON NO ACCOUNT. WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT!"

CATCHING THE EARLY BOAT.

In Bed; at the Highland Hotel, Oban.—What an extraordinary thing is the mechanism of the human mind! Went to sleep last night impressed with vital importance of waking at six, to catch early steamer to Gairloch. And here I am—broad awake—at exactly 5.55! Is it automatic action, or what? Like setting clockwork for explosive machine. When the time comes, I blow up—I mean, get up. Think out this simile—rather a good one . . . Need not have been so particular in telling Boots to call me, after all. Shall I get up before he comes? He'll be rather surprised when he knocks at the door, and hears me singing inside like a lark. But, on reflection, isn't it rather petty to wish to astonish an Hotel Boots? And why on earth should I get up myself, when I've tipped another fellow to get me up? But suppose he forgets to call me. I've no right, as yet, to assume that he will. To get up now would argue want of confidence in him—might hurt his feelings. I will give him another five minutes, poor fellow . . .

Getting Up.—No actual necessity to get up yet, but, to make assurance doubly—something or other, forget what—I will . . . I do. Portmanteau rather refractory; retreats under bed—quite ten minutes before I can coax it out . . . When I have, it won't let me pack it. That's the worst of this breed of brown portmanteaus—they're always nasty-tempered. However, I am getting a few things into it now, by degrees. Very annoying—as fast as I put them in, this confounded portmanteau shoots them out again! If I've put in that pair of red and white striped pyjamas once, I've done it twenty times—and they always come twisting and rolling out at the back, somehow. Fortunate I left myself ample time.

Man next door to me is running it rather fine. He has to catch the boat, too, and he's not up yet! Hear the Boots hammering away at his door. How can a fellow, just for the sake of a few more minutes in bed—which he won't even know he's had!—go and risk losing his steamer in that way? I'll do him a good turn—knock at

the wall myself. "Hi! get up, you lazy beggar. Look sharp—you'll be late!" He thanks me, in a muffled tone, through the wall. He is a remarkably quick dresser, he tells me—it won't take him thirty-five seconds to pack, dress, pay his bill, and get on board. If that's the case, I don't see why I should hurry. I've got much more than that already.

At the Quay.—People in Oban stare a good deal. Can't quite make out reason, unless they're surprised to find me up so early. Explain that I got up without having even been called. Oban populace mildly surprised, and offer me neckties—Why?

Fine steamer this; has a paddle-wheel at both ends—"because," the Captain explains, "she has not only to go to Gairloch—but come back as well."

First-rate navigator, the Captain; he has written my weight, the date of my last birthday, and the number of the house I live in, down in a sort of ledger he keeps. He does this with all his passengers, he tells me, reduces the figures to logarithms, and works out the ship's course in decimals. No idea there was so much science in modern seamanship.

On Board.—Great advantage of being so early is that you can breakfast quietly on deck before starting. Have mine on bridge of steamer, under awning; everything very good—ham-méringues excellent. No coffee, but, instead, a capital brand of dry sparkling marmalade, served, sailor-fashion, in small pomatum-pots.

What a small world we live in! Of all people in the world, who should be sitting next to me but my Aunt MARIA! I was always under the impression that she had died in my infancy. Don't like to mention this, because if I am wrong, she might be offended. But if she did die when I was a child, she ought to be a much older woman than she looks. I do tell her this—because it is really a compliment.

My Aunt evidently an experienced traveller, never travels, she informs me, without a pair of globes and a lawn-mower. She offers, very kindly, to lend me the Celestial globe, if the weather is at all windy. This is behaving like an Aunt!

We are taking in live-stock; curious-looking creatures, like spotted pug-dogs (only bigger and woollier, of course) and without horns. Somebody leaning over the rail, next to me (I think he is the Public Prosecutor, but am not quite sure), tells me they are "Scotch Short-breeds." Agreeable man, but rather given to staring.

Didn't observe it before, but my Aunt is really amazingly like GLADSTONE. Ask her to explain this. She is much distressed that I have noticed it; says she has felt it coming on for some time; it is not, as she justly complains, as if she took any interest in politics either. She has consulted every doctor in London, and they all tell her it is simply weakness, and she will outgrow it with care. Singular case—must find out (delicately) whether it's catching.

We ought to be starting soon; feel quite fresh and lively, in spite of having got up so early. Mention this to Captain. Wish he and the Public Prosecutor wouldn't stare at me so. Just as if there was something singular in my appearance!

They're embarking my portmanteau now. Knew they would have a lively time of it! It takes, at least, four sailors, in kilts, to manage it. Ought I to step ashore and quiet it down? Stay where I am. Don't know why, but feel a little afraid of it when it's like this. Shall exchange it for a quiet hand-bag when I get home.

Captain busy hammering at a hole in the funnel—dangerous place to spring a leak in—hope he is making it watertight. The hammering reminds me of that poor devil in the bedroom next to mine at the Hotel. He won't catch the boat now—he can't! My Aunt (who has left off looking like Mr. GLADSTONE) asks me why I am laughing. I tell her about that unfortunate man and his "thirty-five seconds." She screams with laughter. Very humorous woman, my Aunt.

Deck crowded with passengers now: all pointing and staring . . . at whom? Ask Aunt MARIA. She declines to tell me: says, severely, that, "If I don't know, I ought to."

Great Heavens! it's at me they're staring! And no wonder—in the hurry I was in, I must have packed everything up! . . . I've come away just as I was! Now I understand why someone offered me a necktie. Where shall I go and hide myself? Shall I ever persuade that beast of a portmanteau to give me out one or two things to put on—because I really can't go about like this! Captain still hammering at funnel—but he can't wake that sleepy-headed idiot in the next room. "Louder—knock louder, or the boat will go without him! Tell him there isn't another for two days. He's said good-bye to everybody he knows at Oban—he will look such an ass if he doesn't go, after all!" . . . Not the least use! Wonder what his name is. My Aunt says she knows, only she won't tell me—she'll whisper it, as a great secret. She is just about to disclose the name, which, somehow, I am extremely curious to know—when . . .

Where am I? Haven't they got that unhappy fellow up yet? Why the dickens are they knocking at my door? I've been on board the steamer for hours, I tell you! Eh? what? Five minutes to eight! And the Gairloch boat? "Sailed at usual time—seven. Tried to make you hear—but couldn't." . . . Confound it all! Good mind not to get up all day—now!



BARBARIANS AT PLAY.

John Bull. "PLAY FOOTBALL, BY ALL MEANS, MY BOY—BUT DON'T LET IT BE THIS BRUTAL SORT OF THING!"

A NATIONAL GAME;

Or, What it seems likely to be coming to.

MIDLAND Yahoos v. NORTH COUNTRY SAVAGES.

THESE two formidable and ferocious teams were both powerfully represented yesterday in the first match of the season that came off at the Subscription Grounds under the Thugby Association Rules, when, owing to their well-known deadly tactics, the afternoon's play was expected to be more than usually prolific in the fatalities and accidents now commonly considered inseparable from any well-contested match, and the takings for gate-money were enormous. The

Strangers had the kick off, and upon SMITH, for the Home team, securing the ball, and making a very pretty run with it down the centre, he encountered JONES, who, taking a well-timed and vigorous spring, mounted on his neck, when by an adroit twist, cracking his spine, he obliged him to relinquish it. The ball was then dribbled rapidly towards the Strangers' goal, where a spirited scrimmage ensuing, BROWN and ROBINSON, the half-backs, speedily had their thighs dislocated amidst a general breaking of arms and crackling of ribs.

Some brilliant combinations now followed on the part of the Home team. PARKINSON, who had already had his jaw broken, and a blood-vessel ruptured, being, however, obliged to use his hands, a proceeding which instantly brought JONES into his neighbourhood,



"A WORD IN SEASON," &c.

"NEVER MIND, MEASTER!—UP YE GETS AGEN. YOU WOR WERRY NIGH OFF THAT TIME!"

who, once more successfully repeating his famous leap, again cracked the spine, and left his second man dead upon the field. It being now only within a few minutes of the calling of time, and thirteen of the Home team being, more or less, seriously disabled, while only four of the Strangers were left to limp to their places, the Empire decided that the game was over for the day, and the majority of the injured men were forthwith removed to the local Hospital from the ground on stretchers. A riot among the betting fraternity, who were attending the match in great numbers, that at one moment seriously threatened to imperil the peace of the locality, was eventually quelled by the Police.

THROUGH AN IMPERIAL HORSE-COLLAR.

It appears that during the German Emperor's visit to Naples a Newspaper Correspondent, disguised as a waiter (what would our own "ROBERT" say to such a freak?), was present at an Imperial luncheon. It seems that King HUMBERT was kept on the broad grin by the KAISER's witticisms and practical jokes. Amongst the latter was the admirable jest of preventing Prince HENRY of Prussia from seeing a passing torpedo-boat by pushing him back into his seat. This mirth-provoking *plaisanterie*, according to the journalistic *garçon*, caused His Majesty of Italy to explode with laughter. Fortunately for the world, a record of some of the other quaint conceits of WILLIAM THE SECOND has been preserved, from which the following short paragraphs are extracted:—

A Rather Fishy Remark.—Prince HENRY having cut his finger in attempting to eat peas with a carving-knife (after the German fashion) his Illustrious Brother thrust a couple of inches of sea-snake over the wounded part. "What have you done that for?" asked His Royal Highness. "I want to make it 'cel!'" was the witty reply. Count HERBERT VON BISMARCK (who was in attendance) yelled with merriment for more than an hour.

Consommé-ate Will.—The King of ITALY was taking some soup, when by suddenly jogging His Majesty's arm the German Emperor caused some of the savoury liquid to trace a pattern upon the Royal shirtfront. "What did you do that for? Do you know what you have done?" inquired the Italian Monarch, rather hotly. "I owes

the soup," replied the German Emperor, in excellent English. "I soup *owes*!" Count VON BISMARCK (who was in attendance) had to swallow a table-cloth to suppress smiling.

Butter and Butter.—Before leaving Naples the Emperor got up early, and, running to the apartments reserved for his Royal host, plastered the passage in their immediate neighbourhood with butter. The Crown Prince, slipping down, sprained his ankle, and smilingly declared that he did not like butter-slides so early in the morning. "I see," responded WILLIAM THE SECOND, "butter late than never!" Count VON BISMARCK (who was in attendance) commenced dancing a saraband to conceal his merriment.

Grimaldi Outdone.—At the Review at Rome the German Emperor rode rather a restive charger. His Majesty, being an indifferent horseman, was soon thrown into the midst of the Italian Royal Family, occupying a barouche. Immediately recovering his composure, he made a grimace, and exclaimed, using the Imperial Plural, "Here We are again!" Count VON BISMARCK (who was in attendance) stood upon his head, as a token of silent sympathy.

From the above it will be seen that, should it be considered advisable to produce a Pantomime in Berlin next Christmas, at the Imperial Court, there will be no difficulty in procuring a thoroughly efficient amateur Clown.

"SOLVITUR STEAMENDO."—Ten days ago Sir EDWARD W-T-K-N sailed for India in the P. & O. *Arcadia*. In Arcadia there is much to be learnt, and the Great Railway Arcadian is anxious, we hear, to ascertain by personal inspection how it happens that the Mails are carried distances up to 12,000 miles, and, such is the excessive punctuality, always delivered *before*, not *after*, time by the "P. & O., Weather or no" (as one of their own P. and Oets sings), with a view of applying the same system on the S. E. R. Yes, S. E. R. No more late trains!

A PROTEST.—Our "ROBERT" wishes it to be publicly known that his surname is not ELSMERE. "This HELSMERE," he writes, "is, as I ear, a clergyman, and I may ave bin mistook for im, on account of simmilarlarity of kostoom, wich is a kumpliment to the revvrunt gent in henny case."



MR. J. L. TEE, LORD R. G-W-R, LORD MAYOR TORPEDO (ELECT), AND MR. OSC-R W-L-DE, ADOPT THE NEW STYLE, AND LEAD THE FASHION ON NOV. 5TH.

"Men's Dress.—If it be true, as announced, that men are going to wear embroidered trousers this season, the first step will be taken towards a further embellishment of masculine attire."—*Daily News*.

A PLAYGOER'S PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I am nobody,—not even a Critic. Still less am I a dramatist or a librettist. I am simply a playgoer, and a reader of criticisms upon plays. And there are some matters concerning both the plays and the criticisms which puzzle me exceedingly.

So far as I can gather, certain Critics seem to have two ways of dealing with a man who has made a shining, and especially a sudden, success. The one is to "slate" him with unmeasured maliciousness, the other to beslaughtering him with indiscriminate praise. It is rather difficult to decide which is the more offensive, the splenetic slaughtering, or the fulsome gush.

I am a lover of all sorts and conditions of music, "from gay to grave, from lively to severe," I may almost say from the sublime to the ridiculous. I am also a great admirer of Mr. GILBERT's peculiar humour, especially when it is wedded to Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's music. You may imagine, therefore, that I anticipate with immense pleasure the production of a new piece at the Savoy. I do not go to First Nights, but I eagerly scan the Press notices of the new piece, with a view of tasting, as it were, in advance the quintessential flavour of the treat in store for me. And if I can obtain a copy of the Opera before seeing the performance itself, I do so, and read it carefully.

Of course, therefore, I promptly perused the Press Criticisms of the *Yeomen of the Guard*. What a promising consensus of praise! GILBERT at his best, SULLIVAN better than ever! The music was almost bound to be good; in the libretto I should have expected a choice literary banquet,—if the admiring Critics had not made the mistake of quoting. Then—well, then, I began to have my doubts.

One Critic in a Sunday paper, for instance, was generally laudatory. Coming to particulars, he quoted with approbation the lines:—

"The rose's sigh
Were as a carrion's cry
To lullaby
Such as I'd sing to thee,
Were I thy bride!"

If this is not nonsense, I am a Dutchman. But I am not a Dutchman. It may be that Mr. GILBERT here is the victim of a printer's error. But the Critic praised the lines as they are printed!

Another Critic, in a weekly review, quoted in brackets the words "she be," as though they constituted a marvellously original and humorous rhyme to "PHEBE." He might almost as well have praised the novel coupling of "love" and "dove," or the selection (by a post-Ingoldsby poet) of "Greenwich" as perfectly antiphrastic to "spinach." A third congratulates Sir ARTHUR on his good fortune in having such lyrics as these to set to music. Such lyrics as these? Here be specimens:—

"Here 's a man of jollity,
Gibe, joke, jollity!
Give us of your quality
Come fool, jollity!

"River none can mollify;—
Into it we throw
Fool who doesn't follify,
Cock who doesn't crow!"

If this be not the merest doggerel with rhymes as forced as they are feeble, what in the name of metre gone mad is it?

Again:—

"1st Yeoman. Did'st thou not, oh, LEONARD MERYLL!
Standard lost in last campaign,
Rescue it at deadly peril—
Bear it bravely back again?
Chorus—LEONARD MERYLL, at his peril
Bore it bravely back again!"

Is this so *very* much above the level of the celebrated "eagle" who "played with" (and attempted to rhyme to) "the sea-gull!" Is it anything like as good as the old nursery jingle—

"There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Which hung down the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good
She was very, very good;
But when she was bad, she was horrid!"

Mr. GILBERT as a lyricist is not altogether unlike that illustrious young lady. At any rate, when he is good—as in most of the *Bab Ballads* and many of his Operas—he is *very, very* good. Like his own *Point*, he has "a pretty wit," but in this piece at least seems very chary of exercising it. He doubtless can "jest you, jibe you, quip you, crank you," only he *doesn't*; though he *does* "wreck you" with bad verse, and "riddle you" with forced rhymes, e.g.:—

"Joyful, joyful!
When virginity
Seeks, all coyful
Man's affinity;

"Fate all flowery
Bright and bowery
Is her dowery!
Joyful, joyful!"

But, after all, it is not Mr. GILBERT whom I, as a playgoer, have to pick a bone with, but his fulsome "Critics." Mr. GILBERT must, long ago, have cynically laughed in his jester's sleeve at these adulatory notices of his work. One can imagine what a brilliantly bitter *Bab Ballad* he could make of it all.

The work, we were told in advance, with a considerable flourish of critical trumpets, was to be "a new departure." It is certainly a departure from the land of Topsy-turvy wherein GILBERT and SULLIVAN have so long disported themselves, and wherein they worked so harmoniously, and with so much success. But what is it? *Serio-comic romantic Opera*? Possibly. But if so, the "departure" cannot appropriately be called "new." I agree with your "JACK IN THE BOX" that, had any other writer announced the libretto as "new and original," the Critics to a man would have been down upon him for filching the essence of *Maritana*. As it was, they very mildly accused, profusely excused, and extravagantly "enthused." However, we are transferred from imaginary Topsy-turvydom to the historical Tudor period. There is not very much of the Tudor style about the dialogue; there is even less about the lyrics:—

"Tower warders
Under orders
Gallant pikemen, valiant swordsmen!
Brave in bearing
Foemen scaring
In their bygone deeds of daring,

"Ne'er a stranger
There to danger—
Each was o'er the world a ranger:
To the story
Of our glory
Each a bold contributory!"

Somehow this does not smack *very* strongly of the days of bluff King HAL, does it? That, perhaps, would not much matter, were it flowing or funny; but it isn't.

Enough. I have not yet seen the piece. I have no doubt that when I do, I shall enjoy the music and be pleased with the *ensemble*. But dealing with the libretto as a production for which the Critics have claimed considerable literary merit, what is one to think—of the Critics?
Yours, &c. PLAYGOER.

MAGIC AND MYSTERY.—The following extraordinary circumstance is vouched for by several eye-witnesses of unimpeachable veracity. A tall man of respectable exterior, with a pale face, dark moustache, and a peculiarly saturnine cast of countenance, was observed walking down a street leading out of the Strand. For obvious reasons we suppress the name of the street pending further inquiry. Stopping for a minute in close proximity to a lamp-post, he plunged both hands into his trousers' pockets. A sudden gleam was seen to illuminate his countenance; he was heard to mutter some words, which were probably cabalistic, and then suddenly turned into a public-house! The Psychological Society has been communicated with, and M. B. DE KOLTA, the inventor of the Vanishing Lady and the Pavilion Cocoon, has undertaken to find out how this marvellously rapid and complete transformation was effected. AUGUSTUS DRUMOLANTUS hopes to purchase the patent for his Christmas Fantomime.

UP AND DOWN.—The *Times* calls public attention to the fact that Land which is "going down" in England is "going up" in Australia. Well, there are places in the world where Land seems to be continually "going up," such as Japan and other volcanic districts; but whether many speculators would be eager to invest in the consequent "ground rents" is another question.

Captain Gleadall, of the "White Star" Line.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Many an old voyager across the herring-pond will be sorry to hear of the awfully sudden death of that staunch veteran shipmaster, Captain GLEADALL, of the 'White Star' Line, who for ten years had the *Celtic*, and later commanded that favourite ship the *Germanic*. Captain GLEADALL died at the post of duty: he was found seated in the *Germanic's* chart-room when the ship was running through a fog, his face prone on the open chart he had been studying when the life had suddenly gone out of him. During his long and worthy sailor life he had rescued a great number of lives, and had received recognitions of his courage and humanity from almost every maritime nation of Europe and America."—*The World*, Oct. 23, 1888.

Sudden, yet splendid too! What fitter end
Can fancy fashion for the brave old tar,
All his long life with wind and wave at war,
The Ocean-crosser's trusty guide and friend,
Keen-eyed to mark, stout-hearted to contend,
With every danger of the treacherous deep?
So might we all, who life's long watch must keep,
Fronting its perils our last moments spend:
Like gallant GLEADALL, playing well our part
To the last pulse within, not of our fate
But of the great ship's course considerate;
Humanity's loyal servants, high of heart,
Content the great dismissal to await,
And fall at last—face forward on the chart!

PLAY-TIME WITH FRENCH ROYALTY.

ON Thursday last I went to see *Le Fils de Famille*, in order to compare M. LAFONTAINE as the *Abbé Constantin* with Mr. LAFONTAINE as *Alphonse Deshayes*, Colonel of a regiment of Lancers. He does not appear till the Second Act, and then he comes *en bourgeois* to a ball.



Dean's Treat, Soho.

Not a trace of the kindly genial simple old *Abbé* about this stiff-backed elderly martinet, who is every inch a soldier, and whose bearing is that of a man who has risen from the ranks, and who is nothing if not a soldier. I may be wrong in supposing that he has risen from the ranks, but certainly his comparatively uneasy bearing in "Society," his awkward compromise between a gracious bow and a short, sharp, military nod, and his hearty grasp of the hand when he wishes to express his cordial agreement with *M. François*, the Artist, gave me this impression; and the sentiments the authors have put into his mouth concerning the well-born prodigals, "*ces enfants mal élevés*," who put on a uniform as a

disguise, and then wish to take it off again as though it were *un costume de Carnaval*, confirm me in my view of the character.

In this Second Act M. LAFONTAINE is perfect; with the exception of exaggerating and repeating the business of his characteristic bow, merely for the sake of obtaining a laugh from the feather-headed.

In the Third Act M. LAFONTAINE, with great judgment, shows the old soldier quite at home in undress and in full uniform. The awkwardness has entirely disappeared, not a trace of his forced "society manner" exists, and here and there we get a hint of that natural kindness common to the good hearts of the Colonel and the Curé. Occasionally a mannerism of utterance reminded me of the *Abbé*, but it was only a momentary family resemblance, which I was on the look-out to detect. I hope, before his departure, that on one night he will give us an Act of *L'Abbé Constantin*, followed by the Second Act of *Le Fils de Famille*.

Mlle. JANE MAY is lacking in the quality of earnestness that alone could make the girl's part interesting. She seems to consider *Emmeline* as a heroine of *Opéra-Comique*, and that the authors themselves have not got much beyond this I am not prepared to deny, but it is just one of those parts that the pathetic power of an actress should lift above itself. M. SCHÉY gives a broadly humorous sketch of a French *maréchal de logis*. He is rather inclined to exaggerate, as if he were playing *Valentine* in *Le Petit Faust*, but there is true low comedy in his impersonation of the type.

In M. LAFONTAINE's impersonations of the *Abbé* and the Colonel is to be seen a very near approach to the perfection of the comedian's art: and on the same stage may be also seen glaring examples of the

worst fault of the French school of acting, viz., the actor insisting on points by addressing his speeches point-blank at the audience.

Now that M. SCHÉY has arrived, couldn't we have *Tricouche et Cacolet* again? CHAUMONT and NOBLET are coming with *Diorçons*. *En attendant*, M. LAFONTAINE is announced to appear in *Le Gentil-homme Pauvre*. It ought to be a very fine performance.

JEAN DANS LE LOGE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PUBLISHED by WHITTAKER & Co., with two "t's,"—not that benefactor of society, WHITTAKER, the Almanack Maker and universal intelligence provider,—is a small volume, well got up and clearly

printed, of the selected poems and songs of CHARLES MACKAY, "the British Béranger," as DOUGLAS JERROLD styled him. It was only lately that some one was recalling to the public mind, in aid of a MACKAY Fund, that JERROLD's "B. B." is the author of "*Cheer, Boys, Cheer!*" "*There's a Good Time coming, Boys!*" "*To the West!*" "*Far, far upon the Sea!*" which were all associated with the name of HENRY RUSSELL, whose music gave them an immense popularity. Unfortunately, Mr. Words goes for very little where Mr. Music steps in, and Mr. Music gets all the credit which should be divided between Messrs. Words and Music. Certainly this class of songs would not have obtained their success without such music as HENRY RUSSELL composed for them. And then the Composer, who was a capital entertainer and pianist, sang them himself, with no voice to speak of, but, all the same, most heartily, and with great dramatic skill. But CHARLES MACKAY has written songs that require no singing to recommend them, and ballads that suggest their own music; as for instance, "*Geraldine*," "*The Angel and the Mourner*," "*The Wayside Spring*," "*The Dream of the Reveller*," "*The Fair Serpent*," "*I Love my Love*," "*I lay in Sorrow*," which doesn't seem a very good stock to "lay in,"—but read the two verses. Get the book. He is not a TENNYSON nor a BROWNING; it is all simple verification; nothing abstruse, subtle, or obscure; yet plenty of food for thought, and much that will "catch on" and be remembered, says the



Based on solid principles.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

A CIGAR CASE.

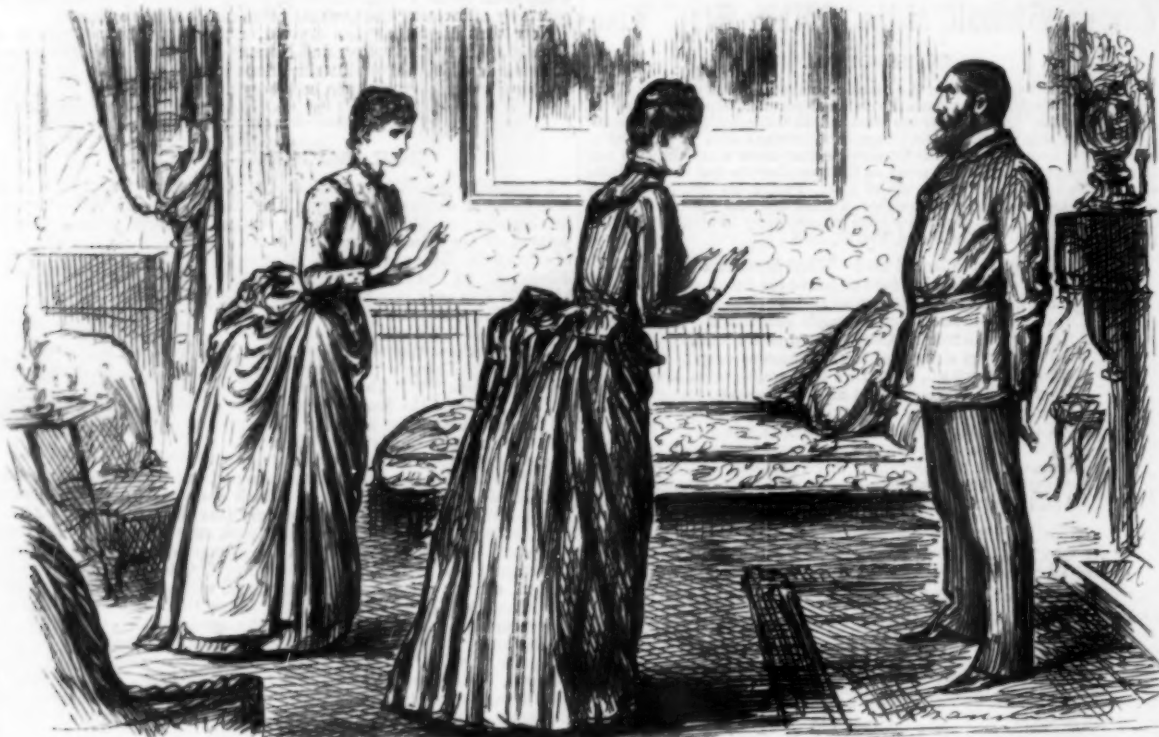
"Miss MAGGIE LOCKHEAD WATSON brought an action for £500 against Mr. WILLIAM KIRKLAND, because he failed to marry her. KIRKLAND, who was a smoker, received a letter from his sweetheart, the plaintiff, in which she stated, 'You must choose between me and a cigar.' He selected a cigar instead of Miss WATSON, and hence the action. The Sheriff Substitute decided in KIRKLAND's favour, and yesterday the Sheriff Principal upheld that judgment."—*Daily News*.

DON'T you consider, sweet Miss MAGGIE LOCKHEAD WATSON, that some one showed himself a blockhead For choosing thus? If this be true we read, It must have been a choice cigar indeed: And the cigar, now, was it new and green And soft? Was it Imperial or Queen? For if it was all these, then he won't thank His lucky stars, for "his offence was rank." Did it look light, seductive to the lip, Or was it very rich, with a fine tip? So, was it rank or wealth that this choice weed Embodied? Well, the parties are both freed. Let's trust that this Cigar no heart bath broke, Not new that sanguine hopes should end in smoke.

WHISPER FROM THE GAIETY.—"In the time of CHARLES THE SECOND," wrote a D. T. leader on Dress last Saturday, "it was a disgrace for a man of fashion to wear a suit too long." Observed S-M-S to P-T-T-T, in the absence of their tyrannical Stage Manager, "It isn't considered a disgrace in the time of CHARLES THE THIRD for burlesque actresses to wear a suit too short." "Hush!" said his partner, "he comes! We must dissemble!" [They dissemble accordingly.]

PRO BONO PUBLICO.—Our friend BORROWDALE, whose library is composed exclusively of books which have been lent to him at various times during his long and honourable career, humorously calls them "Bone's Editions."

THE Duke of WESTMINSTER, one of London's greatest landlords, is now created a tenant, in fact the only Lord Left Tenant of the County of London, by the Local Government Act.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

(Exit awful Bore, after protracted Visit.)

"OH, WILLIAM! HOW UNGENUINELY YOU SAID 'HOW D'Y DO?' TO POOR PROFESSOR BLOKER!"
 "YES, INDEED, PAPA! AND OH, HOW EFFUSIVELY YOU MADE HIM GOOD-BYE!"

THE MENACING MONSTER.

A Dream of the Day After To-morrow.

"The formation of the great Association for a monopoly in salt is likely to have imitators, and it is now said that the formation of a gigantic monopoly in coal, with a capital of eighty millions, is under consideration. This will probably be followed by similar combinations to control iron, cotton, woollen, and other manufactures. Hitherto it has been fondly believed that the growth and progress of English trade was chiefly due to a wholesome competition. . . . All this, it seems, is to come to an end, and the American system of monopolies is to take the place of the English system of competition."—*Standard*.

THE Day of Big Things was approaching its noon;—
 (Its dawn had first glimmered across the Atlantic)—
 Each trade had swelled out like a Monster Balloon,
 And nothing was noticed that was not Gigantic,
 Things seemed to hark back to the morning of time,
 When Monsters and Mud were Creation's chief features.
 When sixty-foot saurians revelled in slime,
 With Mastodons, Mammoths, and other huge creatures.
 The Mammoth, indeed, seemed the type of the age,
 Which was ruled by the love of the simply colossal.
 To have a Big Boom was the general rage,
 And every man's dream was to "run" or to "boss" all.
 There were some who were silly enough to inquire
 The probable goal of this curious tendency;
 But most were contented to share—or admire—
 The Day of Big Things in its blazing resplendency.
 And as for the Small Things—they went to the wall,
 For people or plans not extremely Titanic
 Were calmly considered "not in it at all."
 And snubbed with a scorn which was ultra-Germanic.

Ah me, the Big Booms! That got bigger each day,
 The monopolist "Rings," like the circles in water,
 Grew wider, and swallowed up all in their way,
 Of shops and small firms there was general slaughter.

The millions of Naboths had never a chance,
 Against the few Ahabs, whose numbers still dwindled;
 The "Trusts" piped the tune, and the victims must dance;
 They had nothing to do but to stare and be swindled.
 That was not the word that was used, to be sure,
 To prig on so spanking a scale is not priggish,
 But—well, say "financing" with motives quite pure,
 Or controlling the market by ringing or rigging.
 Conspiracy? Nay, that is not quite the word
 That only applies to malign combinations
 Against—well, say Rent,—which are wrong and absurd;
 But to keep up high prices by smart "operations"
 In salt or in iron, in coal or in wool,
 Is plainly legitimate pulling together.
 For who would protest, save a poor well-plucked fool,
 Against the snug flocking of birds of a feather?
 "Strikes? Well, they were rascally ruinous things,
 For they kept down fortunes by keeping up wages.
 'Twixt Labour's Trade Unions and Capital's Rings
 The fight was prolonged, but no longer it rages."
 So chuckled Monopoly, cock of the walk
 Once more on the death of that plague, Competition.
 The new Mammoth, Mammon, with saurian stalk,
 The Colossus of Cash in plethoric condition,
 Like dragons primeval, were lords of the time;
 They battered and browsed on the best: as to others,
 For them 'twas enough to be trampled to slime,
 In poverty equal, in death only brothers.
 O glorious epoch! O outcome divine
 Of that Spirit of Trade which sublimates our humanity!
 Its heaven the Market; the Loom and the Mine
 Its ladders to opulence; all else is vanity.
 To paddle one's own poor canoe might seem fun
 In Trade's earlier days of competitive rivalry.
 But oh! when the Many give place to the One,
 Competition must go, like good-feeling and chivalry.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 3, 1888.



THE OCTOPUS OF "MONOPOLY."

Monopoly was not content very long

With sharing its millions in narrow community
Between the mere few who were clever and strong.

Its natural issue was *Absolute Unity*.

The One at the top, and the Many below!—

That must be the Monster's ideal, the goal of it.

To get the World's trade in one "Ring" at a blow,

With one bloated Moloch of cash in control of it,

That, that was the notion, and that was the aim;

But just as that "Trust" comprehensive, colossal,

Was reared, Mammon's victims grew tired of his game,

And Demos with Dives played mad pitch-and-toss all.

A dream! Ah, perhaps; but some visions unveil

A meaning from wide-awake vigilance hidden.

The Day of Big Things means a scourge and a flail

For the myriad small ones to Life's banquet bidden.

The Epoch of Monsters once more to revive,

In Creation or Commerce, is sheer retrogression.

The Thunderer would rule, and the Titans would strive,

But freedom and peace are poor man's best possession.

"These Little Ones" also have places and claims.

The many-armed Monster, Monopoly, subtle

Of motion as greedy of maw, has the aims

Of the cruel, all-grabbing, all-palsying Cuttle.

Beware of it, Trade! 'Tis a creature to dread,

To fight to the death, as St. George did the dragon.

Call Law to your aid—let her strike at its head—

And the menacing Monster will drop dead as Dagon!

GOOD DAY'S WORK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It is stated that "in view of the serious dangers that attend upon even a temporary stoppage of a great artery of traffic in London, the Corporation are considering the expediency of carrying on the forthcoming repairs of Blackfriars Bridge, not only night and day, but on Sunday, as well as week day." As yet, however, they have not therefore been charged, by agitators for the enforcement of the observance of Sunday as a Judaic Sabbath, with proposing to employ me as an instrument wherewithal to deprive the working classes of their day of rest. Now then, I suppose, it will no longer be pretended that I am designed to serve that purpose in the hands of good people allied to promote the opening of Museums and Picture Galleries on Sundays, and consequently, in time past, accused of trying to insert the thin end of your ancient friend

THE WEDGE.



"SO ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"

Anatole. "TIENS! BONJOUR, ISIDOR! YOU SPEAK ENGLISH! BIEN! I GO TO PLAY AT ZE FOOTBALL-TENNIS-CRICKETS? COME YOU?"

Isidor. "NOT AT PRESENT. BUT I WILL GO TO FIND YOU VEN I SHALL 'AV PASSED AT ZE BUREAU TO PAY MY INCOMETAXES!"

AN ARM FROM THE ARMADA.

(Fragment from a Romance of 15 + 18 + 88.)

It matters not how I came to be living three hundred years after the great fight off Plymouth Hoe. That is my affair, and no one else's. Suffice it to say that I came up by a train, and took an omnibus to Catherine Street, and entered the National Theatre, where I found Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, surrounded by a number of articles I immediately recognised as relics of the battle in which I had taken part in 1588. I remember the day perfectly. Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, Sir MARTIN FROBISHER, Lord HOWARD of Effingham, a few others, and myself, were aboard the *Capitana*—no, we took that during the action, so I think it must have been the *Lively Polly*. Yes, now I call it to mind, it was the *Lively Polly*. And yet, on referring to a Catalogue furnished by the courteous Lessee of Drury Lane, I am not at all sure but it was the *Ark Raleigh*, or the *Ark Royal*. I have all the greater confidence in the latter suggestion, as I see that that capital vessel was the flag-ship of the British Fleet.

"Have a pinch of snuff, TOMMY?" said DRAKE (he always called me TOMMY, although my real name was MAEMADUKE)—"have a pinch of snuff?"

And then good old FRANCO—(I always called Sir FRANCIS "FRANCO," because we had been at school together)—produced a Horn Tobacco Box.

I mentioned this to one of the erudite assistants of the joint-author of *The Armada*.

"We have the very identical box here," replied the assistant. "It is No. 247 in the Catalogue, and bears the name and arms of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE."

And to be sure there it was! Then I came upon a chair which I immediately recognised as one that used to stand in the study of Sir WALTER RALEIGH. He used to invite me to occupy it while reading his *History of the World* to me.

"What is No. 318?" I asked, with some curiosity.

"That," returned my courteous informant, "is a Spanish torture

chair. You will observe here is a steel waistband for fixing the octagonal stake with various screws. Here is a double manacle with triangular padlock. Yonder a gag with rack action for opening mouth, grasping and drawing out tongue. There a steel dilator for lower part of body. Here—"

"Oh! yes," I interrupted; "I know the whole bag of tricks. Dear old WALLY used to say that he was obliged to apply them all to keep me from falling asleep."

"It is, we fancy, nearly a hundred years later than the date of the Armada," continued my guide; "but it shows, to quote the Catalogue, 'what would have occurred in nearly every English town if the Armada had been successful.'"

"There," I replied, "I think you are wrong. My friend, Sir WALTER RALEIGH, told me that it was given to him by a Spaniard—he was called DON QUAY—in return for a pouch of tobacco. But still it is a most interesting relic."

Then I saw a large number of helmets, swords, pictures, seals, and engravings that I quite remember noticing during the pauses of the glorious combat. I was particularly struck with an etching reproduction of "the Armada in sight," by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

"Most lifelike," I observed. "I recognise FENTON, and ST. LEGER, SOUTHWELL and MANNINGTON, GEORGE JENNER, COOK, and, of course, dear old DICK HAWKINS."

"Were you there?" asked a bystander.

"Was I there?" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Of course I was, and got a seat for Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS, who was painting it. The original was sent, shortly afterwards, to Australia."

At this moment a theatre-loving descendant of my dear old friend, Sir MARTIN FROBISHER, seized me by the arm, and with him I hurried off to see the admirable spectacular Drama that through the kindness of Messrs. HAMILTON and HARRIS, had been provided for our delectation. And thus, seated in the Stalls, I fought my battle over again.

(Signed) A SURVIVOR OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

TRANSLATION OF "EQUINOX."—A Night-Mare.



"THAT NASTY ORANGE-PEEL!"

Gallant Old Gentleman (rushing to her assistance). "I'M AFRAID, MA'AM, YOU 'VE HAD A FALL—I HOPE——"

Short-tempered Old Lady (snappishly). "WHY, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE I'D SIT DOWN HERE, YOU OLD STUP——!"

[He helps her up, and makes off hastily.]

A NEW "SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY."

(Intended as a few hints to budding Orators, in addition to the very excellent advice which Mr. Bright has recently given them.)

DON'T let your audience know what is coming next. Cultivate the art of oratorical surprises. Should your hearers also cultivate surprises, and welcome you with an outburst of hisses, allude playfully to the geese that once saved the Capitol. This may disarm hostility. It may also do the reverse.

If any member of your audience should be so ill-mannered or so destitute of appreciation as to go away in the middle of your oration, remember that this invariably happens to the best speakers in the House of Commons. Try and wither the offender with a glance. This requires practice. Should this fail, you might put your audience in a good temper by inquiring, "Why is our friend who is leaving like a barn-door fowl? Because he is looking for an egg-sit." This will direct amused attention to the out-goer, and make others less willing to follow his example.

N. B.—At the end of the meeting, leave, if possible, by a side-door. People have been known to resent humour of the above description.

If you cannot comfortably accommodate all the leading points of your speech on your shirt-suff, pin them (on a piece of paper) to your handkerchief, which you can occasionally dangle before your face in a graceful and unpremeditated manner.

Make friends with the Reporters. An

amiable Reporter explains away a multitude of brickbats.

When interrupted, never lose your own temper—or you may find somebody else's!

When working up to a joke, it will be advisable to wreath your face beforehand with a seductive smile. Practise well before a looking-glass.

Though argument is popularly supposed to have something to do with proof, recollect that certain people are quite proof against argument. Humour them. Appeal to their feelings, not their heads. Try the "Three B's"—blarney, blather, and bunkum.

People who don't see a joke always think there is something profane in it. Don't be too witty. This is a fault which you will probably find no difficulty in avoiding.

Perhaps the very best way to "bring down the house," is to bring down a lot of particular friends who will "make a house" for you.

"SLATIN BEY."—The *Times* Correspondent, writing from Vienna, reported last week that "SLATIN BEY asks his friends to send him a few newspapers." We are glad to be able to announce, in the interests of the higher criticism in Art, Literature, and the Drama, that SLATIN BEY is coming over to England, and has been engaged as Literary and Dramatic Critic on *Mr. Punch's* Staff. All those who have anything to fear from SLATIN,—look out!

SOME impulsive Americans wanted his title to be changed to "Lord Get-the-Sackville."

A SPORTSMAN'S SONG.

Arranged for the Suburban Deer-Stalker.

SING ho! for the bang of the Verderer's gun,
As from his third-class stepping,
He starts for his annual bit of fun
In the sylvan glades of Epping.
He isn't a very good shot, is he:
But his aim is wild and his range is free,
And, whether he hit or miss his mark,
He knows that he is out for a lark.
So ho! sing ho! for the Verderer's sport,
At Epping he'll show you the proper sort.
Give him his gun, and he'll blaze away,
Nor care a rap what the public say.
Sing ho! for the Verderer's random shot
As he sees the herd advancing,
And he takes his sight and covers the lot,
The risk of a bad one chancing.
So ho! but the Verderer has his luck,
For he breaks the leg of a harmless buck,
That limps away with its shatter'd bone
To linger for days, then die alone.
So ho! Sing ho! for his glorious sport,
At Epping he'll show you the right good sort;
And will—till the Public shall have their say,
And he and his gun both get blazed away!

ATHLETIC SPORTS IN INDIA.—Lord COLIN CAMPBELL has gone out to practise at the bar in Bombay. Capital exercise.

"You're having a high old time of it," as the Currant-jelly said to the Venison, which had been hanging for three weeks.

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 20.



PARNELL COMMISSION.

(Special Report.)

[Yesterday the Commission of Judges resumed their sittings in the Parnell Case. The Judges were Sir JAMES HANNEN, Mr. Justice DAY, and Mr. Justice SMITH. For the Times there appeared the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Sir HENRY JAMES, Mr. W. MURPHY, Mr. W. GRAHAM, of the English Bar, and Mr. J. ATKINSON and Mr. ROMAN of the Irish Bar. For Mr. PARNELL and other Members Sir CHARLES RUSSELL appeared, and with him Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. REID, Mr. LOCKWOOD, Mr. LIONEL HART, Mr. ARTHUR RUSSELL, of the English Bar, Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR and Mr. HARRINGTON of the Irish Bar. TOBY, M.P., Q.C., instructed by Mr. GEORGE LEWIS (of Ely Place, Holborn, W.C.), again held a watching brief for the Public.—*Morning Paper.*]

Monday, October 22.—Cut this out of morning paper. Plenty

more where it came from. If the Editor liked to have it all, and leave out pictures, would make quite interesting series of numbers. Suppose there would be objections on part of artists. Some people are so narrow-minded. So have boiled down account of proceedings. Observed considerable addition to strength of Bar. On opening day only CHARLES RUSSELL and ASQUITH on one side, GRAHAM on the other. Now two benches full of wig and gown. Room for us of the Inner Bar, but terrible crush behind.

"All on account of you," GEORGE LEWIS whispers. "Very well to begin with. But when they saw you were engaged, found it necessary to muster in larger force."

Pleasant to have one's position so early and strikingly recognised. Must keep up dignity. Shall begin with Usher. If he interrupts again, shall have him *mandamus'd*.

Eleven o'clock. Curtain rises; discloses Judges standing in doorways like three figures in weather-box, which tell you whether it's going to be wet or shine.

Bar rises and bows. Three figures bob, advance a step, and take seats. (Evidently going to be either wet or shine.) ATTORNEY-GENERAL opens case for prosecution. Goes back to prodigious speech delivered by him in case of *O'Donnell v. Walter*. Quotes whole batches of it. Remember how COLERIDGE, L.C.J., softly slumbered through it. Our President wide awake. SMITH quietly observant. DAY beginning to get over novelty of situation; gives up staring stonily round; makes occasional note. President begins with old protest about knowing

nothing. Fancy he's heard the name of PARNELL and DAYVIT—or is it DAYVIT? Something in the City, aren't they? ATTORNEY-GENERAL, therefore, bound to go into full detail. Grinds along till one o'clock, when President capitulates: falteringly admits that he has not only read the whole of *Parnellism and Crime*, but has a minute index.

"Why didn't he say so at first?" growled familiar voice from back of Court. It was JOSEPH GILLIS, and in female society! Stout lady, in black, with large hat and plumage borrowed from a hearse, seated in Press Gallery; said to be representative of *Wandering Woman*, weekly illustrated. JOSEPH's eagle eye, surveying Court, perceived her. Sidled up, appropriating next seat. Happened to be that of representative of *Potsdam Press*, temporarily absent. *Potsdam Press* returning, protests. JOSEPH GILLIS ignores him. Comfortable seat; female society; good view of Judges; will stop. Does.

"Remember Mitchelstown?" says JOSEPH, winking at me. "Remember Paris!" I say, sternly, not relishing this familiarity. JOEY B. smiles. But the shot goes home. Observe that, after luncheon, he finds quarters remote from the charmer.

Tuesday.—JOSEPH GILLIS arrives, brisk, and early. Proposes to take his seat on benches reserved for us. Usher interposes. Warns him off. Usher not such a bad fellow, after all. JOEY B. then drops into bench reserved for Solicitors in charge of cases. Something evidently up. Turns out to be JOEY B. himself. Thrusts thumb in arm-hole of waistcoat. Holds out left hand, peremptorily signalling President. Catches his eye. Calls him "Sir," and announces that he is going to conduct his own case. President stares inquisitively at him. SMITH regards him with bland smile. DAY, withdrawing gaze from ceiling, where he was almost certain he'd seen a fly, turns animated visage full upon JOSEPH GILLIS. Never saw anything like this before. Eyes widely open; lips slowly part; regards him as if fascinated. JOEY B. takes no notice of sensation created; makes his application as if moving for unopposed return, and sits down to listen to ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Mr. ATTORNEY paces along by the hour. Monotonous; uninteresting; stale stories of ancient outrage; "thrice-boiled colewort," as CARLYLE said. Flounders hopelessly amongst Irish names. Calls DAYVIT, DAYVIT, and PARNELL, PARNELL. CHARLES RUSSELL diligently follows, taking notes.

"What date is it?" he casually asks. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL turns round and glares upon the benevolent downcast visage.

"I was careful at the commencement to mention the date," he hisses through clenched teeth, "if my learned friend would only listen. Tenth of March!"

"Ah!" says CHARLES RUSSELL, going on writing. ATTORNEY-GENERAL discovers fresh outrage.

"What date?" RUSSELL asks, in a low voice, going on writing, and not looking up. Mr. ATTORNEY turns upon him like baited bull; glares and fumes and gives date.

"Ah!" says CHARLES RUSSELL, writing it down. These the only flashes of thunder and lightning to vary the monotonous peppering on the window-panes of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's incessant small talk.

Wednesday.—Not sure I would have taken silk if I had known how dull it is to sit here day by day and listen to Mr. ATTORNEY. Much livelier in the House of Commons. Always something turning up there. Nothing here but ATTORNEY-GENERAL, humdrumming round familiar facts, reciting *Parnellism and Crime* by the page, and, when things getting too exciting, dropping back into memories of his speech in *Walter v. O'Donnell*. Wonderful how Judges on Bench

keep awake. Perhaps they wouldn't if President would only give way. Pretty to see Brother SMITH furtively turning to see if Brother HANNEN has dropped off. If he had, might be chance for another honest person. But Brother HANNEN positively enjoying himself. Leans over desk so as not to miss single phrase of Mr. ATTORNEY's honeyed eloquence. Mr. ATTORNEY, what with difficulties about pronunciation of Irish names, and what with constant occasion for snapping at CHARLES RUSSELL, sometimes gets wrong in date or other detail of intricate statement. HANNEN down on him in a minute.

"He may have known nothing about the case when he took his seat on the Bench," says LOCKWOOD, just finishing another sketch of Brother DAY, "but he knows more now than us all put together. Probably the only man in Court who could stand examination on WEBSTER's narrative."

As the days wear on, our DAY takes on added stolidity. Only time when he displays momentary animation is when he, too, turns to see if Brother HANNEN has not dropped off, and meets his particularly wide-awake gaze. TORQUEMADA's guilty start when he finds he's observed is delightful. Stares straight up at the ceiling, slowly raises round the Court, deliberately makes a note, and says nothing. Never does say anything.

"What do they call him TALKEE-MEEDA for?" JOSEPH GILLIS whispered to MICHAEL DAYVIT.

"Don't know," said DAYVIT, "unless it's because he never says anything."

Thursday.—"Box A!" said Brother HANNEN, entering Court this morning, and plumping down on desk before him large tin box.

"Box B!" chimed in Brother SMITH, plumping down another box on his desk.

"I C," said Brother DAY, gloomily—and when we have a gloomy DAY, it's dark indeed.

"Poor DAY!" said ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who, in spite of this fearful long speech inflicted upon us, is a kind-hearted man. "Must try and make up a box for him!"

"You could easily do that," said CHARLES RUSSELL, dryly.

One of these two boxes contains the documents whose history is told in SOAMES's affidavit. Appears some person from America wrote to *Times* offering important documents incriminating FARSELL; negotiations for purchase entered into; documents delivered; found



Wednesday's Sensation.—Like Joko appears.

to be forgeries; so put them in two boxes, one marked A, the other B; locked them up and handed them into custody of Judges. ATTORNEY-GENERAL more than hints that that great and good man, GEORGE LEWIS, knows all about the plant. GEORGE LEWIS, ever childlike and bland, looks straight before him as if he had not even heard the insinuation.

Judges never let boxes out of sight. Sleep with them under their pillows at night. Bring them into Court in the morning, take them away in afternoon. Nobody knows whether forgeries are in Box A or Box B, which deepens the mystery.

"What is in the Box?" CHARLES RUSSELL thundered yesterday when subject first came up.

"Snuff!" said ATTORNEY-GENERAL, snapping his fingers.

It is his way when angered. But CHARLES RUSSELL gazed longingly at the Box, and drawing forth his Bandana, wistfully blew his nose.

What if it were true, and if, almost within reach, there were such boundless store of Black Rappee!

Friday.—At seven minutes past three this afternoon ATTORNEY-GENERAL breathed his last sentence in Speech. Affecting scene. Sorry, after all, to part with Speech. Lived on it through a melancholy week. But self-preservation a powerful instinct. Another day of it and one of us must have succumbed. Just as well it should be the Speech.

Peacefully passed away in the still afternoon, aged twenty-two hours fifty-seven minutes. Omit flowers.

BELIEF IN GENERAL BOULANGER.—Hasty generalisation.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper: To this rule there will be no exception.

NOW

is the Constant Syllable Ticking from the Clock of Time.



NOW IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE WISE.
NOW IS ON THE BANNER OF THE PRUDENT.
NOW YOU CAN CHANGE THE TRICKLING STREAM, BUT TO-MORROW YOU MAY HAVE THE RAGING TORRENT TO CONTEND WITH.

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents fevers and acute inflammatory diseases, removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

DON'T GO TO SEA WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."—"From a Town in British Guiana, South America.—J. C. Eno, Esq., London.—Sir,—After two years' trial of your excellent 'FRUIT SALT,' I can safely say that it has saved me much misery from Colonial fevers, indigestion, and impaired appetite, to which I have been subject during eleven years' residence in the tropics. It is invaluable to travellers as a preventive of sea-sickness, and a relief from the other ailments of life aboard ship; and for myself I would as soon think of going a voyage without my tooth-brush as my bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' With ordinary care it does not get hard and caked as other effervescent preparations do in warm and humid climates, and this is greatly in its favour.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully, W. J. B."

HEAD WINDS AND HEAVY SEA CROSSING "THE BAY."—"I have recently returned from a trip in a P. and O. Company's ship, and consider it a duty incumbent upon me to make known to you that, during a national career extending over a period of thirty years, I have been invariably a sufferer from sea-sickness, more or less, according to the weather; but on the last occasion I am happy to say (although we experienced strong head winds and heavy sea crossing 'The Bay') I entirely escaped; and this I attribute to my having provided myself with ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which I can most conscientiously recommend to all who may be similarly afflicted, whose business or pleasure may cause them to 'go down to the sea in ships.'—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, a Prussian."

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AUSTRALIA.—IMPORTANT TO ALL TRAVELLERS.—"Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in America, India, Egypt, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all Travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL, June 24th, 1878."

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. Eno."

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.—Experience shows that porter, mild ale, port wine, sweet champagne, dark sherry, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while Light Wines and gin or whisky, largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is particularly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now I am restored to my usual health, and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years. Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

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 "THE FASTEST, FINEST, PEN WE EVER USED"—GREEN.

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 Mr. Han, having written: "I find your razors excellent." In Case, complete, Black Handle, 4/6; Ivory Handle, 7/6. REAL GERMAN WORKMANSHIP.
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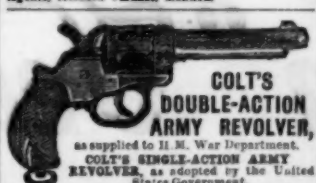
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